

## A SONG FOR BABY BETH.

Sing a song for Baby Beth,  
Sing of meadows gay,  
Sing of pussy-willows,  
Sing of lambs at play;  
Sing of apple blossom pink,  
Sing of violets meek,  
So like unto her radiant eyes,  
So like her velvet cheek;  
And oh, put in a dainty nest,  
So cozy, snug and warm,  
Where such a tiny baby bird  
Can nestle safe from harm;  
And Baby Beth and Mother Beth  
Will with one voice declare  
They love the bonny spring-time best  
Of all the changing year.

Sing a song of rippling brooks,  
Sing of blooming flowers,  
Sing of roses white and red,  
Of long and sunny hours;  
Sing of sandy wave-washed shores,  
Of boats upon the bay;  
Sing of waving meadow grass,  
Of fragrant new-mown hay,  
And oh! put in a hammock large,  
Where Baby Beth and I,  
Throughout the sultry summer noons,  
May safely, snugly lie;  
And Baby Beth and Mother Beth  
Will say, with joyful zest,  
They love the golden summer-time  
Of all the times the best.

Sing a song of autumn leaves,  
Floating lightly down,  
Sing of all their changing tints,  
From crimson gay to brown;  
Sing of asters tall and fair,  
Sing of golden-rod,  
Sing of elfin acorn-cups,  
A-strewing all the sod,  
And oh! put in a loaded cart,  
Where Baby Beth can be,  
Set up among the ripened sheaves  
And ride triumphantly;  
And Baby Beth and Mother Beth  
Will now declare, in glee,  
They love the pleasant autumn best  
Of all the times that be.

Sing a song of icicles,  
Fringing all the trees;  
Sing of snowflakes fair, though cold,  
Flying on the breeze;  
Sing of fires on the hearth,  
Sing of Christmas cheer,  
Sing of jangling silver bells,  
So merry, loud and clear,  
And oh, put in a pony sleigh,  
With robes so soft and warm,  
That Baby Beth and Mother Beth  
May brave the wintry storm;  
And Mother Beth and Baby Beth  
Will sing, in merry rhymes,  
They love the dark, cold winter best  
Of all the changing times.  
—Kate Lawrence, in Youth's Companion.

## Adventures of Tad;

—OR THE—

## HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

## A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,  
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT  
TO SEA," "PAUL GRAYTON," ETC.

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## CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"The men pulled four into the boat, then," said Polly, in a hushed awe-struck voice, "a lady—a beautiful lady with a little baby in her arms, was drifting by. Captain Flagg reached out for her, but she said 'my baby first,' and held it right up in both hands, so he couldn't help catching hold of it. Then a great sea swept the lady away. A piece of the wreck broke a hole in the boat's side," continued Polly, steadying her voice with an effort, "and the crew had hard work to get ashore. They managed to somehow, though, and the saved people were sent up to Bixport. Captain Flagg took



"MY BABY FIRST."

the baby—that was me—home to his wife. Ever and ever so many bodies drifted ashore," said Polly, with a little shudder, "and the beautiful lady among them. Some of the passengers had seen her with her husband and baby on board the steamer, but no one of the saved people knew their names. Lots of folks who had friends and relations on the "Pomerania" came on to Bixport and took the bodies away; but nobody recognized the beautiful lady, so Captain Flagg had her buried here, and this stone put up. There was a ring on her wedding finger, that I always wear on a little chain round my neck,"—and Polly touched the front of her simple linen collar, "with 'Pauline' engraved inside, so Captain Flagg named me the same—that's why they call me 'Polly.'"

"Then the beautiful lady was your mother, and you the little baby!" breathlessly cried Tad.

Polly nodded gravely, and again the far-away look came into her eyes, as they rested on the grassy mound at her feet. But soon the practical side of her nature asserted itself.

"Come, Tad," she said, rising to her feet, "it's getting pretty near supper-time, and I must help Mother Flagg—she's got doughnuts to fry." So the two made their way out of the old church-yard, and entered the homegate at the same time as Captain Flagg, who, with a radiant face, was just returning from his interview with Miss Smith.

"You're to go over there in the morning, Tad," said the Captain, after disclosing to him the nature of his own errand to the house of the maiden lady in question, "and if she likes the

cut of your jib she'll hire you on trial for a spell, at two dollars a week and board—what do you say to that?"

For a moment or two Tad could say nothing whatever; the prospect of earning such a sum at the very onset, fairly took away his breath. More than a hundred dollars a year, and board beside! Why, it would not be so very long, at that rate, before he should be able to buy himself the little home of his dreams.

"Well, didn't you hear what I said?" "pursued to me you're dretful deaf!" observed the Captain, a little sharply, thinking perhaps that Tad's silence arose from a disinclination to accept the offer which he, Captain Flagg, knew was a most favorable one.

"Who's that's so dretful deaf—Tad?" interposed a familiar voice, before Tad could frame a reply. The speaker was no other than Joe Whitney, who, scenting the odor of frying doughnuts in passing, had come in for a possible share of the spoils, just in time to hear his uncle's remark.

"Deef as a haddock," grumbled the Captain, irritably, "and dumb into the bargain, anybody'd think; for here I've as good as got him a berth to Miss Smith's, and he's to go over there first thing in the morning for a kind of over-haulin', but when I tell him, he never so much as says whether he's glad or sorry—don't say nothin', in fact." And here, as the Captain paused for breath, astonished Tad had at last a chance to explain himself.

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed the boy, with sparkling eyes and eager speech, "it's only because that I'm so glad and so—so—every thing," said Tad, unable to frame his gratitude, "that I can't say what I want to."

The Captain, who saw his mistake, was instantly appeased. He patted Tad on the shoulder in the most friendly manner imaginable, and after clearing his throat told him in a low tone that Solomon hit the nail square on the head when he said that there's a Providence that shapes our ends, refuse them as much as we've a mind to, and then, remembering that the small sachel was still in Tad's possession, he got together his writing materials, and, with the help of the "Business Man's Assistant" and "Every Man His Own Lawyer," drew up the following notice for publication:

"To All Whom it May Concern:  
"Be it known that on the evening of March 25, 1888, a certain party left on a seat in the Broad Street Station, city of Philadelphia, a hand-bag supposed to contain valuables. Now, therefore, if said party shall at the time of reading this notification, or as soon thereafter as may be possible, communicate by letter with the subscriber, describing said bag, together with such other information as shall satisfy the subscriber aforesaid that said respondent is the true and lawful owner thereof, the hand-bag before mentioned will be duly returned on the payment of the sum of five dollars, to cover expenses of advertising, etc."  
(Signed) "CAPTAIN JETHRO FLAGG,  
"Residence, Bixport, State of Maine."

Having finished this rather remarkable production, Captain Flagg read it aloud for the edification of Tad and Joe Whitney, who had just returned from the kitchen.

"Tain't the way I'd put it, Uncle Jeth," remarked the irrepressible Joe, with his mouth full of doughnut and a suspicious bunchiness about his pockets, as Captain Flagg laid down the paper with a look of conscious pride. "I'd just say: 'Found in Broad Street station, Philadelphia, on such-and-such a night, a hand-bag. Prove Property and pay charges. Address Captain Jethro Flagg, Bixport, Maine.'"

Captain Flagg regarded his audacious nephew with a look in which mild indignation was blended with pity. "Mebbe you would, Joseph," he said, with some severity, "mebbe you would; but, considerin' that I'm jest a few years older'n you, I've took the liberty of doin' this my own way."

"All right, Uncle Jeth," returned the unabashed youth, "if you don't mind, I don't, I'm sure. Say, Tad," he remarked, briskly, turning to the secretly amused youth, "how'd you like me to go over to Miss Smith's in the morning and speak a good word for you, eh?"

"I'd like you to go with me ever so much," warmly replied Tad. He did not rely much upon Joe's verbal recommendation, but he had a sort of feeling that the moral support of his presence would be a great deal.

"I'll call for you right after breakfast," briefly returned Joe, with a twinkle in the eye, that, had Polly been present, she would have understood at once to mean mischief. But she was helping Mrs. Flagg with supper preparations, and the Captain was busy sending off the copies of his notice to a couple of city papers, so Tad had no warning as to Joe Whitney's love of practical jokes. And all the way home Joe choked down certain little twinges of conscience, by representing to himself that it was "only a little fun, anyway," an excuse which I fancy has been common to mischievous youth from the fabled stoning of the frogs down to the present day.

Miss Smith was "shooting" some hens out of her yard as Joe came by the house, and he at once volunteered his services with marked success. Sending the last hen shrieking across the street with a stick following closely at her tail-feathers, Joe closed the gate carefully.

"Oh, I say, Miss Smith," he remarked, as he was turning away, "I told Tad—the boy that Uncle Jeth brought home this trip—that I'd come over with him in the morning—he's sort of bashful with strangers."

"Nobody'd accuse you of any thing of the kind, Joe Whitney," was Miss Smith's uncompromising answer. She was tall, thin, angular and forty, with a good heart, but rather uncertain temper. And Joe was not a prime favorite with Miss Smith, by reason of

his rather peculiar tendencies to mischief.

"Tad's a real good boy, I guess," said Joe, ignoring the personality, "but if he's as hard of hearin' as Uncle Jeth says—for I heard him say Tad was deaf as a haddock—you'll have to holler like old boots to make him hear." And, without waiting to be questioned farther, Joe scudded homeward.

True to his promise, Joe was on hand bright and early on the following morning. Captain Flagg had gone down to superintend the discharge of the "Mary J.'s" cargo, and Mrs. Flagg was in the kitchen. Only Polly and Bounce followed the two boys to the gate.

"Remember, now! no tricks—Joe," called out Polly, warningly; "good luck to you Tad," and she waved her hand encouragingly, as the latter turned with a very full heart, to look back at the old home whose occupants had given him so friendly a reception. "Oh, isn't this nice!" said Tad, enthusiastically, as he drew in a great breath of the sweet, pure air, and looked at the quiet beauty of the landscape about him. Behind the village rose a range of spruce and pine covered hills. All round were fertile farms, and in the eyes of the city-bred boy, Bixport and its surroundings seemed a sort of miniature Paradise.

"Not so bad," patronizingly assented his companion. And as they crossed a small stone bridge which spanned a deep narrow stream, Joe stopped and peeped scrutinizingly over the rail, at the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to try the trout—to-morrow's Saturday, and if Miss Smith'll let you off in the afternoon—if she hires you—what do you say if we go troutin'?"

Say! What would any boy say to such a proposition—particularly a boy who had never before been outside city walls? "But may be Miss Smith won't hire me," suggested Tad, a little anxiously, after having expressed a rapturous readiness to accompany his newly-made friend on a troutin' tramp, or anywhere else that Joe might suggest.

"No trouble about that!" Joe replied, confidently; "she'd take anybody Uncle Jeth recommended. You know she's hard of hearing?" he added, carelessly.

No, Tad did not know it.

"Fact!" said Joe, with a nod; "and if I was you, I'd speak up good and loud, so's to let her see that you've got a voice of your own. The louder you holler, the better she'll like you," he added, with a slight twinge of his not-over-sensitive conscience. For though it was true that Miss Smith was undeniably hard of hearing in her right ear, persons speaking a little above their ordinary tone had no particular difficulty in making themselves heard.

Tad resolved that if this was the case, he would place himself without delay on the topmost round of Miss Smith's affections; and little more was said, as they had now arrived at their new place of destination.

Miss Smith's house was a high, square-roofed building, sadly in need of painting, standing a little back from the road. It had one immense chimney at the very apex of the roof, and a low, old-fashioned piazza on the western front. Two great elm-trees bent protectively over it, an orchard of gnarled apple-trees was in the rear, the vegetable garden at one side, and a small yard in front, where, as the two boys entered the gate, Miss Smith herself was raking away the dead leaves from a bed of upspringing crocuses.

At their approach Miss Smith threw her sun-bonnet back, and, straightening up the rake-handle, stood stiffly erect, clasping it between her gloved hands—something like the manner of a sentinel with his musket when not on active duty—as she stared very hard at Tad, whose heart was beating furiously.

"So this is the boy," she said, in an uncompromising sort of voice—her remark seemingly addressed to herself—"humph!"

This was by no means encouraging, and Tad's hopes went down below zero with considerable rapidity. Joe stood a little at one side, with a shadowy look of expectancy on his freckled face.

"How old are you, Tad?" suddenly shrieked Miss Smith, with such unexpected energy that mechanically Tad clapped his hands to his ears.

"Fourteen—in my fifteenth year!" shouted Tad, whose face became quite crimson through the exertion. So did Joe's, but from a different cause.



"FOURTEEN, IN MY FIFTEENTH," SHOUTED TAD.

Miss Smith started back involuntarily.

"Mersey on us!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you speak a little louder!" she added, in a sarcastic sort of roar. "I said fourteen, marm—in my fifteenth year!" Tad yelled, with the full power of his lungs; for, unfortunately, he took her ironical suggestion in perfect good-faith.

Miss Smith dropped the rake-handle, and sat down on the piazza steps. Joe, whose face was of a lively purple which extended to his ear-tips, began to edge toward the gate.

"You won't do, boy," screamed Miss Smith, so shrilly that John Doty, who was plowing in an adjoining field, stopped his oxen and looked wonderingly across at the "old Smith place," as it was locally called, while Samantha Nason, Miss Smith's "hired help," rushed bare-armed from the kitchen, with a vague impression that Miss Smith was in hysterics.

"I can't hear any one as deaf as you are, and run the risk of breaking a blood-vessel hollering to you," continued Miss Smith in the same high key, as Tad stood confounded and despondent at her abrupt refusal; "besides, I'm not so hard of hearing as all that comes to, and your voice goes through my head like a knife—yah-h-h!" with which concluding ejaculation Miss Smith put her hands to the sides of her pasteboard sun-bonnet and shuddered. "Why, I ain't deaf, marm!" wonderingly exclaimed Tad, dropping his voice several octaves, "and I wouldn't have spoke so loud only Joe said you was hard of hearing, an' if he was me he'd speak up good and loud."

Joe could stand it no longer. With an explosive yell of laughter he dodged through the gate, and, dropping in the green sward, at a safe distance, doubled himself up in an ecstasy of unbecomly mirth.

"Joe Whitney!" gasped Miss Smith, starting to her feet and shaking her finger threateningly in the direction of the prostrate practical joker, as the truth of the matter flashed across her mind, "you see if your father don't hear of this, sir!"

But her indignation was always short lived, and gradually a grim smile softened the hard lines of her face, though the overshadowing head-gear hid it from Tad's anxious gaze.

"And so you want a place, eh?" she said, abruptly, but not unkindly, as she turned her sharp gray eyes full upon Tad, who was looking reproachfully at Joe, as, having risen, he cautiously advanced within earshot.

"If you please, marm," was the respectful answer, and Tad looked pleadingly up at the maiden lady as he spoke. Something in his thin, pale face moved Miss Smith's heart curiously.

The boys who had worked for her from time to time had generally been unintelligent, brown-faced boys, with large appetites and a tendency to idle away as much time as they possibly could.

"He's got a look I kind of like, though he is a pindling sort of a boy," thought Miss Smith, rubbing her nose reflectively.

"Don't you dare enter that gate, Joseph Whitney!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy, as Joe, with traces of his recent mirth on his features, edged himself along the front fence.

"No, marm," responded Joe, in a voice suggestive of the deepest contrition. Affecting to be overcome with remorseful sorrow, he applied a small red-boarded cotton handkerchief to his eyes, and sobbed hysterically, after which, twisting it between his fingers, he feigned to wring tears of bitter grief from its folds.

Turning her back upon the arch deceiver, Miss Smith proceeded to put Tad through a rapid course of questioning. Did he smoke or swear? Had he been vaccinated? Were his father and mother living? Had he been to school? What church did he attend?—and a few other queries, of similar import.

On all points except that of church-going Tad's answers were very satisfactory; and Miss Smith graciously admitted that his lack of clothes was a tolerably reasonable excuse for his deficiency in that one respect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]  
BUFFALO BONES.

How They Are Gathered on the Plains of the West, and Their Use.

A few years ago, when buffaloes were more plentiful on the great Western plains than they are to-day or ever will be again, they were ruthlessly slaughtered by un-sportsman-like hunters, who gained the name of "skin-strippers," since their only motive in slaying the beasts was to secure their hides. There was always a great and steady demand for buffalo robes, and the "skin-strippers" found their occupation profitable as it was wanton and unjustifiable. It is hardly unnecessary to say that the business of skinning buffaloes could not prove profitable at the present time. It will never again be possible for the enterprising "skin-strippers" to sweep down upon enormous herds of these noble though ungainly creatures and slaughter them by the score, leaving their skin-denuded carcasses to rot upon the plains, or furnish food for the wolves and coyotes. Realizing this fact, the "skin-strippers" have taken up a new and less exciting occupation, and are now known as "bone-hunters."

That the gathering of buffalo bones is a recognized industry is easily proved by the following figures. During the season of 1888-4 there were shipped east over the line of the Northern Pacific railroad alone 7,856 tons, or nearly 800 cars of bones. These bones were brought to various points on the line of the railroad by the bone-hunters, and were then sold to the agents of the consumers. They were at that time worth \$24 a ton at the market, and paid the railroad company on an average a little over \$6 a ton in freight charges. They are used chiefly by sugar refiners, bone black establishments and carbox works.—Boston Herald.

A paper recording the arrest of an actor for stealing, says he was "caught in the act," though it fails to state whether it was the first, second or third act. It must have made a queer scene, however.—Texas Siftings.

## CARE OF THE SKIN.

A System of Diet and Exercise That Will Assure a Good Complexion.

Plenty of exercise, good, wholesome food, well digested, will do more for the complexion than all the toilet appliances in the world. Use the flesh brush with vigor, walk, ride, row, run, giving every muscle in the body something to do; eat beef, brown bread, cereals, fruit, vegetables and milk, and a good complexion must be the result.

Good, nourishing food must be eaten and well digested; the circulation equalized by plenty of exercise in the open air and frequent bathing. Each woman must be a law unto herself as to the number and temperature of the baths, as what strengthens and braces up one may be found to weaken and enervate another.

For those who have vitality enough to react, the cold sponge bath in the morning will be found a delightful tonic. Delicate women will find that by beginning them in the warm weather they will, in most cases, be able to continue during the entire year. A handful of sea salt dissolved in the water will do much to strengthen the weak chest or back. In many cases the hot bath at night quiets the nerves, refreshes the body, and induces sleep, but care should be taken not to remain in the water too long; otherwise it will be found debilitating.

Distilled water is, of course, the best, but as all can not—like Queen Victoria—afford so expensive a luxury, it will be found that clean rain water or any soft water will do nearly as well. Those who can not obtain either one of these may use a few drops of ammonia, which will make the hardest water soft and clean off all impurities. A box of powdered borax is also an indispensable article upon the toilet table; a pinch of this will soften the water and is said to whiten the skin.

Oat meal used externally, and eaten frequently is very beneficial to the skin, as are also cracked wheat and other cereals. Put a handful of oat meal in a bowl and pour a cup of boiling water over it. When this is settled wash the hands and face in the starchy water that rises to the top of it. The continued use of this for a week and the wearing of gloves at night will soften and whiten the roughest and darkest skin.

Ladies with oily or greasy skins may use, sparingly, a few drops of camphor in the bath, or a few drops of diluted carbolic acid. The latter removes the odor of perspiration from the body and leaves a clean, wholesome smell. Care should be taken that it is not used too strong, as it is not only poisonous, but the odor is very offensive to some people. Borax and glycerine combined are used with good effect by some ladies, while thoroughly disagreeing with others. Glycerine alone softens and heals, but used too frequently will darken the skin and make it very sensitive; the borax obviates this and has a tendency to whiten.

To remove tan and sunburn use a preparation composed of equal parts of glycerine and rose-water, to which add the juice of two lemons after having strained it through fine muslin. More or less rose-water may be used to make the preparation the required consistency, as it is rather disagreeable if sticky. Fresh freckles may frequently be removed by touching the discolored areas with a tiny camel's hair brush dipped in lemon juice.

Finely powdered pumice-stone, which may be had at any druggist's, is very efficacious in removing all superfluous and roughened skin. Rub the hands and face thoroughly with it, dry, then wash off with tepid water and soap. The use of warm water is also very beneficial; some people go so far as to claim that the continued use of it will not only preserve the skin, but prevent wrinkles.

The proper toilet observances at night should be considered as a personal duty.—Home Knowledge.

## SMALL BEGINNINGS.

The Delight Men Take in Relating the Story of Their Progress.

Man is made in the image of God, and his mind is peculiarly interested and impressed by this feature of the Divine handiwork. And when, on a far humbler scale, it characterizes his own works, he is greatly moved. Witness the delight of the school-boy when a handful of snow rolled patiently along the garden becomes a huge lump, taller than himself. Witness the satisfaction of some laborious writer, who for years upon years has been toiling at some dictionary, or a history of the world, or a philosophy of the universe, or some such task, and at last sees the slender first day's page multiplied into a work of a dozen enormous volumes. A successful man of the people who founded an institute in a provincial town in Scotland, placed in it a little green box, more interesting to him than to the public, because when he started in life it contained the whole of his earthly possessions. In the hall of a splendid mansion on the edge of Loch Lomond I have seen the picture of a little sailing vessel, which carried the owner and all his goods when he set out for the East to begin what proved a vast and most lucrative business. And how often at firesides, or dinner tables, in the course of friendly saunters by the way, do men who have acquired a position of light to rehearse the story of their progress; and how interested are most of us in hearing or reading how the gulf was spanned between the lawyer's first brief and the woolstack, or the doctor's first fee and the baronetcy, or, in the case of the American President, between the log cabin and the White House.—Quiver.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Do not let plants bear seed unless you need it.

—Pretty country homes are becoming more common than they used to be.

—To clean knives.—Cut a small potato, dip in the brick dust and rub them.

—In warm weather the hogs should be liberally supplied with pure clean water, or disease may be the result.

—An ink that will write on glass is made from ammonium fluoride dissolved in water and mixed with three times its weight of barium sulphate.

—Boiled Frosting.—One cup of granulated sugar and five tablespoonsful of milk, boil four or five minutes, then stir till cold and put on a cool cake.—Household.

—Marbled Veal.—Take some cold veal, season, spice and beat in a mortar; skin a boiled veal tongue, pound to a paste, adding its weight in butter; put some of the veal and some of the tongue in layers in a kettle; press down and pour clarified butter over the top. Let cool, and cut in slices.—Exchange.

—Lay ears of corn in a pan and roast in the oven until nearly black and reduced to charcoal. Chop small and scatter among straw or hay on the hen house or barn floor, and let the chickens scratch for it, which they will do as eagerly as beggar children scramble for coin. Hens need exercise and amusement, and the above will furnish both, as well as healthful nutriment.—Troy Times.

—Fish Pie.—Boil one quart potatoes in boiling water and salt. Soak one quart of stale bread in cold water, and wring it dry in a clean towel; season it well with pepper, salt and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cut two pounds of codfish in small slices and lay it in cold, salted water. When the potatoes are done, peel them, mash them through a colander, and season with pepper and salt. Put the fish and bread in alternate layers in a pudding dish, make a top crust of the potatoes, and bake the pie an hour in a moderate oven.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—E. W. Stewart says that flaxseed is a preventive of disease—a food medicine. Its oil is very soothing to the stomach and intestines, and is also rich in food for muscle and bone. One of the best ways to use flaxseed is to boil it in six times its bulk of water till it forms a jelly; then mix a little of this jelly with wheat bran and you have an excellent food for growing a pig. This is also good food for the brood sow, promoting her yield of milk. If used in this way, one pound of flaxseed is mixed with ten pounds of bran. Pigs very soon get a liking for the taste of flaxseed.—Boston Globe.

## POINTS FOR LADIES.

Some of the Latest Outdies Devised for the Benefit of the Gentle Sex.

Oil of lavender will drive away flies.

Roman-red surah is extensively used as a garniture for beach costumes.

The Saratoga trunk continues to be the most popular, being light and spacious.

Yoke waists gathered to a belt and yoke basques are very popular for wash dresses.

Sashes are much worn this season, and great ingenuity is exercised in their arrangement.

A favorite ribbon with which to trim black lace dresses is black watered ribbon an inch and a half wide, with picot edge.

Numbered with latest feminine fancies is the making of yachting pillows for young gentlemen acquaintances who are so fortunate as to own yachts. The latest craze in bed-spreads is white satin, with arabesques stamped all over the surface, or else a vine, both to be worked in outline stitch with gold-colored silk.

At a garden party not long ago devilled clams in their own shells were served. After the edible portion was consumed the shell was found to be embellished with the monogram of the hostess.

Economical ladies who wish to vary the toilet at a minimum of expense have their black lace dresses made entirely without lining, so that they may be worn over different skirts and bodices.

Chain bracelets are fashionable now for engaged young women. The loveliest places the bracelet about the wrist of his sweetheart and fastens it on with a gold padlock, the key of which he wears on his watch-chain.

At a dinner lately given the flowers were in an effective star-shaped form, rendered most beautiful by a cunning hand which arranged it in gradations from a vivid center to a pale shade at the points where the tapering ray ended in a single leaf. The places for the guests were laid just between these rays, and the effect was exceedingly good.

Casters continue to be a staple article, the small breakfast one being employed at breakfast and luncheon by many households, even at the East, where the old-time dinner caster does not often appear. These latter, however, continue to be largely patronized, notably in the Southern and Western States, and are out in styles to harmonize with the decoration of other portions of table service.

Where the dinner caster is not used, there are substituted one or more salad sets, according to the size of the table, consisting of two or more glass bottles or jugs in light silver stands, the salt and pepper being furnished in individual shakers or cellars, as fancy dictates. In the making of individual salt-cellsars, as well as of the little butter dishes so popular, silversmiths have wrought many curious and pleasing designs.—N. Y. World.